Robert Troup Paine
to Harvard College

THE PLAGUE OF ATHENS,

Which hapned in the

SECOND YEAR

OF THE

Peloponnesian War.

First described in *Greek*

By *THUCYDIDES*;

Then in *Latine*

By *LUCRETIUS*.

Now attempted in *English*

By *THO. SPRAT*,

LONDON,
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To my Worthy and Learned Friend,

Dr. *WALTER POPE*,

Late Proctor of the University of

OXFORD.

SIR,

I Know not what pleasure you could take in bestowing your Commands so unprofitably, unless it be that for which Nature sometimes cherishes and allows Monsters, The love of Variety. This onely delight you will receive by turning over this rude and unpolisht Copy, and comparing it with my excellent Patterns, the *Greek* and *Latin*. By this you will see how much a noble Subject is changed and disfigured by an ill hand, and what reason *Alexander* had to forbid his Picture to be drawn but by some celebrated Pencil. In *Greek Thucidides* so well and so lively expresses it, that I know not which is more a Poem, his description, or that of *Lucretius*. Though it must be said, that the *Historian* had a vast advantage over the *Poet*; He having been present on the place, and assaulted by the disease himself, had the horrour familiar to his Eyes, and all the

ſhapes of the *miſery* ſtill remaining on his mind, which muſt needs make a great impreſſion on his Pen and Fancy. Whereas the *Poet* was forced to allow his foot-ſteps, and onely work on that matter he allowed him. This I ſpeak, becauſe it may in ſome meaſure too excuſe my own defects: For being ſo far removed from the place whereon the diſeaſe acted his Tragedy; and time having denied us many of the Circumſtances, Cuſtoms of the Country, and other ſmall things which would be of great uſe to any one who did intend to be perfect on the Subject; beſides, onely writing by an *Idea* of that which I never yet ſaw, nor care to feel, (being not of the humour of the Painter in Sir *Philip Sidney*, who thruſt himſelf into the midſt of a Fight, that he might the better delineate it.) Having, I ſay, all theſe diſadvantages, and many more, for which I muſt onely blame my ſelf, it cannot be expected that I ſhould come near equalling him, in whom none of the contrary advantages were wanting. Thus then, Sir, by emboldning me to this raſh attempt, you have given opportunity to the *Greek* and *Latine* to triumph over our *Mother Tongue*. Yet I would not have the honour of the Countries or Languages engaged in the compariſon, but that the inequality ſhould reach no farther than the Authours. But I have much reaſon to fear the juſt indignation of that excellent perſon, (the preſent Ornament and Honour of our Nation) whoſe way

of

of writing I imitate: For he may think himſelf as much injured by my following him, as were the Heavens by that bold man's counterfeiting the ſacred and unimitable noiſe of Thunder by the ſound of Braſs and Horſes hoofs. I ſhall onely ſay for my ſelf that I took *Cicero*'s advice, who bids us in imitation, propoſe the Nobleſt pattern to our thoughts; for ſo we may be ſure to be raiſed above the common Level, though we come infinitely ſhort of what we aim at. Yet I hope that renowned Poet will have none of my Crimes any way reflect on himſelf; for it was not any fault in the excellent Muſician, that the weak Bird, indeavouring by ſtraining its throat, to follow his Notes, deſtroy'd her ſelf in the Attempt. Well, Sir, by this, that I have choſen rather to expoſe my ſelf than to be diſobedient, you may gueſs with what zeal and hazard I ſtrive to approve my ſelf,

SIR,

Your moſt Humble and

Affectionate Servant

THO. SPRAT.

Thucydides,

LIB. II.

As it is excellently Tranſlated by Mr *Hobbs*.

IN the very beginning of Summer, the Peloponneſians, *and their* Confederates, *with two thirds of their Forces, as before, invaded* Attica, *under the Conduct of* Archidamus, *the Son of* Zeuxidamas, *King of* Lacedæmon, *and after they had encamped themſelves, waſted the Country about them.*

They had not been many days in Attica, *when the Plague firſt began amongſt the* Athenians, *ſaid alſo to have ſeized formerly on divers other parts, as about* Lemnos, *and elſewhere; but ſo great a Plague, and Mortality of men was never remembred to have happened in any place before. For at firſt, neither were the Phyſicians able to cure it, through ignorance of what it was, but dyed faſteſt themſelves, as being the men that moſt approached the ſick; nor any other Art of man availed whatſoever. All ſupplications to the* Gods, *and enquiries of* Oracles, *and whatſoever other means they uſed of that kind proved all unprofitable; inſomuch as ſubdued with the greatneſs of the evil, they gave them all over. It began (by report) firſt, in that part of* Æthiopia *that lieth upon* Ægypt, *and thence fell down into* Ægypt *and*

Africk, *and into the greateſt part of the Territories of the King. It invaded* Athens *on a ſudden, and touched firſt upon thoſe that dwelt in* Pyræus, *inſomuch as they reported that the* Peloponneſians *had caſt Poyſon into their Wells; for Springs there were not any in that place. But afterwards it came up into the High City, and then they dyed a great deal faſter. Now let every man, Phyſician, or other, concerning the ground of this ſickneſs, whence it ſprung, and what cauſes he thinks able to produce ſo great an alteration, ſpeak according to his own knowledge; for my own part, I will deliver but the manner of it, and lay open onely ſuch things, as one may take his Mark by, to diſcover the ſame if it come again, having been both ſick of it my ſelf, and ſeen other ſick of the ſame. This year by confeſſion of all men, was of all other, for other diſeaſes, moſt free and healthfull. If any man were ſick before, his diſeaſe turned to this; if not, yet ſuddenly, without any apparent cauſe preceding, and being in perfect health, they were taken firſt with an extreme ache in their Heads, redneſs and inflammation of the Eyes; and then inwardly their Throats and Tongues grew preſently bloudy, and their breath noyſom and unſavory. Upon this followed a ſneezing and hoarſeneſs, and not long after, the pain, together with a mighty Cough, came down into the breaſt. And when once it was ſetled in the Stomach, it cauſed vomit, and with great torment came up all manner of bilious purgation that Phyſicians ever named. Moſt of them had alſo the Hickyexe, which brought with it a ſtrong Con-*

vulſion

vulsion, and in some ceased quickly, but in others was long before it gave over. Their bodies outwardly to the touch, were neither very hot nor pale, but reddish, livid, and beflowred with little Pimples and Whelks; but so burned inwardly, as not to endure any the lightest cloaths or linen garment to be upon them, nor any thing but mere nakedness, but rather, most willingly to have cast themselves into the cold water. And many of them that were not looked to, possessed with insatiate thirst, ran unto the Wells; and to drink much, or little, was indifferent, being still from ease and power to sleep as far as ever. As long as the disease was at the height, their bodies wasted not, but resisted the torment beyond all expectation, insomuch as the most of them either died of their inward burning in nine or seven days, whilst they had yet strength; or if they escaped that, then the disease falling down into their bellies, and causing there great exulcerations and immoderate looseness, they died many of them afterwards through weakness: For the disease (which took first the head) began above, and came down, and passed through the whole body; and he that overcame the worst of it, was yet marked with the loss of his extreme parts; for breaking out both at their Privy members, and at their Fingers and Toes, many with the loss of these escaped. There were also some that lost their Eyes, and many that presently upon their recovery were taken with such an oblivion of all things whatsoever, as they neither knew themselves nor their acquaintance. For this was a kind of sickness which far surmounted all

expression

expreſſion of words, and both exceeded humane nature in the cruelty wherewith it handled each one, and appeared alſo otherwiſe to be none of thoſe diſeaſes that are bred amongſt us, and that eſpecially by this. For all, both Birds and Beaſts, that uſe to feed on Humane fleſh, though many men lay abroad unburied, either came not at them, or taſting periſhed. An Argument whereof as touching the Birds, *is the manifeſt defect of ſuch Fowl, which were not then ſeen, neither about the Carkaſſes, or any where elſe; but by the* Dogs, *becauſe they are familiar with Men, this effect was ſeen much clearer. So that this Diſeaſe (to paſs over many ſtrange particulars of the accidents that ſome had differently from others) was in general ſuch as I have ſhewn; and for other uſuall ſickneſſes, at that time, no man was troubled with any. Now they died, ſome for want of attendance, and ſome again with all the* care *and* Phyſick *that could be uſed. Nor was there any, to ſay, certain Medicine, that applied muſt have helped them; for if it did good to one, it did harm to another; nor any difference of* Body *for ſtrength or weakneſs that was able to reſiſt it; but it carried all away what Phyſick ſoever was adminiſtred. But the greateſt miſery of all was the dejection of Mind in ſuch as found themſelves beginning to be ſick, (for they grew preſently deſperate, and gave themſelves over without making any reſiſtance) as alſo their dying thus like* Sheep, *infected by mutual viſitation: For if men forbore to viſit them for fear, then they died forlorn, whereby many Families became empty, for want of ſuch as ſhould take care of them. If they forbore*

bore not, then they died themſelves, and principally the honeſteſt men. For out of ſhame they would not ſpare themſelves, but went in unto their Friends, eſpecially after it was come to this paſs, that even their Domeſticks wearied with the Lamentations of them that died, and overcome with the greatneſs of the Calamity, were no longer moved therewith. But thoſe that were recovered, had much compaſſion both on them that died, and on them that lay ſick, as having both known the miſery themſelves, and now no more ſubject to the like danger: For this diſeaſe never took any man the ſecond time ſo as to be mortal. And theſe men were both by others counted happy, and they alſo themſelves, through exceſs of preſent joy, conceived a kind of light hope never to die of any other ſickneſs hereafter. Beſides the preſent affliction, the reception of the Country People, and of their Subſtance into the City, oppreſſed both them, and much more the people themſelves that ſo came in. For having no Houſes, but dwelling at that time of the year in ſtifling Booths, the Mortality was now without all form; and dying men lay tumbling one upon another in the ſtreets, and men half-dead about every Conduit through deſire of water. The Temples alſo where they dwelt in Tents, were all full of the dead that died within them; for oppreſſed with the violence of the Calamity and not knowing what to doe, Men grew careleſs, both of Holy and Prophane things alike. And the Laws which they formerly uſed touching Funerals, were all now broken; every one burying where he could find room. And many for want of things neceſſary, after

ſo

so many deaths before, were forced to become impudent in the Funerals *of their* Friends. *For when one had made a* Funeral Pile, *another, getting before him, would throw on his dead and give it fire. And when one was in burning, another would come and having cast thereon him whom he carried, go his way again. And the great licentiousness, which also in other kinds was used in the City, began at first from this disease. For that which a man before would dissemble, and not acknowledge to be done for voluptuousness, he durst now doe freely, seeing before his eyes such quick revolution, of the Rich dying, and men worth nothing inheriting their estates; insomuch as they justified a speedy fruition of their goods, even for their pleasure as Men that thought they held their Lives but by the day. As for pains, no man was forward in any action of Honour, to take any, because they thought it uncertain whether they should die or not before they atchieved it. But what any man knew to be delightfull, and to be profitable to pleasure, that was made both profitable and honourable. Neither the fear of the Gods, nor Laws of men, awed any man. Not the former, because they concluded it was alike to worship or not worship, from seeing that alike they all perished: Nor the latter, because no man expected that his life would last till he received punishment of his Crimes by Judgment. But they thought there was now over their heads some far greater Judgment decreed against them; before which fell, they thought to enjoy some little part of their Lives.*

THE

THE PLAGUE OF ATHENS.

I.

UNhappy Man! by Nature made to sway,
And yet is every Creatures prey,
Destroy'd by those that should his power obe
Of the whole World we call *Man-kind* the Lords,
Flatt'ring our selves with mighty words;
Of all things we the Monarchs are,
And so we rule, and so we domineer;
All Creatures else about us stand
Like some *Prætorian* Band,
To guard, to help, and to defend;
Yet they sometimes prove Enemies,
Sometimes against us rise;
Our very Guards rebell, and tyrannize.
Thousand Diseases sent by Fate,
(Unhappy servants!) on us wait;
A thousand Treacheries within
Are laid weak Life to win;
Huge Troops of Maladies without,
(A grim, a meagre, and a dreadfull rout:)
Some formal Sieges make,
And with sure slowness do our Bodies take;

Some

Some with quick violence ſtorm the Town,
And all in a moment down:
Some one peculiar Fort aſſail,
Some by general attempt prevail.
Small Herbs, alas, can onely us relieve,
And ſmall is the aſſiſtance they can give;
How can the fading Off-ſpring of the Field
Sure health and ſuccour yield?
What ſtrong and certain remedy?
What firm and laſting life can ours be? (die?
When that which makes us live doth ev'ry Winter

II.

Nor is this all, we do not onely breed
Within our ſelves the fatal ſeed
Of change, and of decreaſe in ev'ry part,
Head, Belly, Stomach, and Root of Life the Heart,
Not onely have our Autumn when we muſt
Of our own Nature turn to Duſt,
When leaves and fruit muſt fall;
But are expos'd to mighty Tempeſts too,
Which doe at once what that would ſlowly doe,
Which throw down Fruit and Tree of Live withall.
From ruine we in vain
Our bodies by repair maintain,
Bodies compos'd of ſtuff,
Mouldring and frail enough;
Yet from without as well we fear
A dangerous and deſtructfull War,

From

From Heaven, from Earth, from Sea, from Air.
We like the *Roman empire* ſhould decay,
And our own force would melt away
By the inteſtine jar
Of Elephants, which on each other prey,
The *Cæſars* and the *Pompeys* which within we bear:
Yet are (like that) in danger too
Of foreign Armies, and external foe,
Sometimes the *Gothiſh* and the barbarous rage
Of Plague or Peſtilence attends Man's age,
Which neither Force nor Arts aſſwage;
Which cannot be avoided or withſtood,
But drowns and overruns with unexpected Flood.

III.

On *Æthiopia*, and the Southern Sands,
The unfrequented Coaſts, and parched Lands,
Whither the Sun too kind a heat doth ſend,
(The Sun, which the worſt Neighbour is, and the beſt (Friend)
Hither a mortal influence came,
A fatal and unhappy flame,
Kindled by Heavens angry beam.
With dreadfull frowns, the Heavens ſcattered here
Cruel infectious heats into the Air,
Now all their ſtores of poyſon ſent,
Threatning at once a general doom,
Laviſht out all their hate, and meant
In future Ages to be innocent,
Not to diſturb the World for many years to come.
Hold! Heavens hold! Why ſhould your ſacred
Which doth to all things Life inſpire, (Fire,

By

By whoſe kind beams you bring
Each year on every thing,
A new and glorious Spring,
Which doth th'Original ſeed
Of all things in the womb of Earth that breed,
With vital heat and quick'ning feed,
Why ſhould you now that here employ,
The Earth, the Air, the Fields, the Cities to annoy?
That which before reviv'd, why ſhould it now de-
(ſtroy?

IV.

Thoſe *Africk* (grown,
Deſarts ſtrait were double Deſarts
The rav'nous Beaſts were left alone,
The rav'nous Beaſts then firſt began
To pity their old enemy Man, (ſelves have done.
And blam'd the Plague for what they would them-
Nor ſtaid the cruel evil there,
Nor could be long confin'd unto one Air,
Plagues preſently forſake
The Wilderneſs which they themſelves do make:
Away the deadly breaths their journey take,
Driven by a mighty wind,
They a new booty and freſh forrage find,
The loaded wind went ſwiftly on,
And as it paſt was heard to ſigh and groan.
On *Ægypt* next it ſeized,
Nor could but by a general ruine be appeas'd
Ægypt in rage back on the South did look, (ſtroke,
And wondred thence ſhould come th' unhappy
From

From whence before her fruitfulneſs ſhe took.
Egypt did now curſe and revile
Thoſe very Lands from whence ſhe has her *Nile*;
Egypt now fear'd another *Hebrew* God,
Another Angel's Hand, a ſecond *Aaron's* Rod.

V.

Then on it goes, and through the ſacred Land
Its angry Forces did command,
But God did place an Angel there,
Its violence to withſtand,
And turn into another road the putrid Air.
To *Tyre* it came, and there did all devour,
Though that by Seas might think it ſelf ſecure:
Nor ſtaid, as the great Conquerours did,
Till it had fill'd and ſtopt the tide,
Which did it from the ſhore divide,
But paſt the waters, and did all poſſeſs,
And quickly all was Wilderneſs.
Thence it did *Perſia* over-run,
And all that Sacrifice unto the Sun;
In every Limb a dreadfull pain they felt,
Tortur'd with ſecret coals did melt;
The *Perſians* call'd their Sun in vain,
Their God increas'd the pain.
They look'd up to their God no more,
But curſe the beams they worſhipped before,
And hate the very fire which once they did adore.

VI.

Glutted with ruine of the Eaſt,
She took her wings and down to *Athens* paſt;
Juſt Plague! which doſt no parties take,
But *Greece* as well as *Perſia* ſack.
While in unnatural quarrels they
(Like Frogs and Mice) each other ſlay;
Thou in thy ravenous claws took'ſt both away.
Thither it came and did deſtroy the Town,
Whilſt all its Ships and Souldiers lookt upon;
And now the *Aſian* Plague did more
Than all the *Aſian* Force cou'd doe before.
Without the Walls the *Spartan* Army ſate,
The *Spartan* Army came too late;
For now there was no farther work for Fate.
They ſaw the City open lay,
An eaſie and a bootleſs prey;
They ſaw the Rampires empty ſtand,
The Fleet, the Walls, the Forts unmann'd.
No need of cruelty or ſlaughters now,
The Plague had finiſh'd what they came to doe:
They might now unreſiſted enter there,
Did they not the very Air,
More than th'*Athenians* fear.
The Air it ſelf to them was Wall, and Bulwarks too.

VII.

Unhappy *Athens!* it is true thou wert
The proudeſt work of Nature and of Art:

Learning

Learning and ſtrength did thee compoſe,
As ſoul and body us:
But yet thou onely thence art made
A nobler prey for Fates t'invade.
Thoſe mighty numbers that within thee breath,
Do onely ſerve to make a fatter feaſt for Death.
Death in the moſt frequented places lives,
Moſt tribute from the croud receives;
And though it bears a ſigh, and ſeems to own
A ruſtick life alone:
It loves no Wilderneſs,
No ſcatter'd Villages,
But mighty populous Palaces,
The Throng, the Tumult, and the Town;
What ſtrange unheard-of Conquerour is this,
Which by the Forces that reſiſt it doth increaſe!
When other Conquerours are
Obliged to make a ſlower War,
Nay ſometimes for themſelves may fear,
And muſt proceed with watchfull care,
When thicker troops of enemies appear;
This ſtronger ſtill, and more ſucceſsfull grows,
Down ſooner all before it throws,
If greater multitudes of men do it oppoſe.

VIII.

The Tyrant firſt the Heaven did ſubdue,
Lately the *Athenians* (it knew)

Themſelves by wooden Walls did ſave,
And therefore firſt to them th' infection gave,
Leſt they new ſuccour thence receive.
Cruel *Pyræus!* now thou haſt undone,
The honour thou before hadſt won:
Not all thy Merchandize,
Thy Wealth, thy Treaſuries,
Which from all Coaſts thy Fleet ſupplies,
Can to attone this crime ſuffice.
Next o'er the upper Town it ſpread,
With mad and undiſcerned ſpeed;
In every corner, every ſtreet,
Without a Guide did ſet its feet,
And too familiar every houſe did greet.
Unhappy *Greece* of *Greece!* great *Theſeus* now
Did thee a mortal injury doe,
When firſt in Walls he did thee cloſe,
When firſt he did thy Cities reduce,
Houſes, and Government, and Laws to uſe.
It had been better if thy People ſtill
Diſperſed in ſome field or hill,
Though ſalvage and undiſciplin'd did dwell,
Though barbarous, untame and rude,
Than by their numbers thus to be ſubdu'd;
To be by their own ſwarms annoy'd,
And to be civilized onely to be deſtroy'd.

IX.

Minerva ſtarted when ſhe heard the noiſe,
And dying mens confuſed voice.

From

From Heaven in haſte ſhe came to ſee
What was the mighty prodigie.
Upon the Caſtle Pinacles ſhe ſate,
And dar'd not nearer flie,
Nor midſt ſo many deaths to truſt her very Deity,
With pitying look ſhe ſaw at every gate
Death and deſtruction wait;
She wrung her hands and call'd on *Jove*,
And all the immortal Powers above;
But though a Goddeſs now did pray,
The Heavens refus'd, and turn'd their ear away.
She brought her Olive, and her Shield,
Neither of theſe, alas! aſſiſtance yield.
She lookt upon *Meduſa*'s face,
Was angry that ſhe was
Her ſelf of an immortal Race,
Was angry that her *Gorgon*'s head
Could not ſtrike her as well as others dead;
She ſate and wept a while, and then away ſhe fled.

X.

Now Death began her Sword to whet,
Not all the *Cyclops* ſweat,
Nor *Vulcan*'s mighty Anvils could prepare
Weapons enough for her,
No Weapon large enough but all the Air;
Men felt the heat within 'em rage,
And hop'd the Air would it aſſwage,
Call'd for its help but the Air did them deceive,
And aggravate the ills it ſhould relieve.

The Air no more was Vital now,
But did a mortal poyſon grow;
The Lungs which us'd to fan the Heart,
Onely now ſerv'd to fire each part,
What ſhould refreſh increas'd the ſmart,
And now their very breath,
The chiefeſt ſign of life, turn'd the cauſe of death.

XI.

Upon the Head firſt the diſeaſe,
As a bold Conquerour doth ſeize,
Begins with Man's Metropolis,
Secur'd the Capitol, and then it knew
It cou'd at pleaſure weaker parts ſubdue.
Bloud ſtarted through each eye;
The redneſs of that Skie,
Foretold a tempeſt nigh.
The Tongue did flow all o'er
With clotted filth and gore;
As doth a Lion's when ſome innocent prey
He hath devoured and brought away:
Hoarſeneſs and ſores the throat did fill,
And ſtopt the paſſages of ſpeech and life;
No room was left for groans or grief;
Too cruel and imperious ill!
Which not content to kill,
With tyrannous and dreadfull pain,
Doſt take from men the very power to complain.

XII.

XII.

Then down it went into the breaſt,
There all the ſeats and ſhops of life poſſeſt,
Such noyſome ſmells from thence did come,
As if the ſtomach were a tomb;
No food would there abide,
Or if it did, turn'd to the enemies ſide,
The very meat new poyſons to the Plague ſupply'd.
Next to the heart the fires came,
The heart did wonder what uſurping flame,
What unknown furnace ſhou'd
On its more natural heat intrude,
Strait call'd its ſpirits up but found too well,
It was too late now to rebell,
The tainted bloud its courſe began,
And carried death where e'er it ran,
That which before was Nature's nobleſt Art,
The Circulation from the Heart,
Was moſt deſtructfull now,
And Nature ſpeedier did undoe,
For that the ſooner did impart
The poyſon and the ſmart,
The infectious bloud to every diſtant part.

XIII.

The belly felt at laſt its ſhare,
And all the ſubtile labyrinths there
Of winding bowels did new Monſters bear.

Here ſeven days it rul'd and ſway'd,
And oftner kill'd becauſe it death ſo long delay'd.
But if through ſtrength and heat of age,
The Body overcame its rage,
The Plague departed as the Devil doth,
When driven by Prayers away he goeth.
If Prayers and Heaven do him controul,
And if he cannot have the Soul,
Himſelf out of the roof or window throws,
And will not all his labour loſe,
But takes away with him part of the houſe:
So here the vanquiſh'd evil took from them
Who conquer'd it ſome part, ſome Limb;
Some loſt the uſe of Hands or Eyes,
Some Armes, ſome Legs, ſome Thighs,
Some all their lives before forgot,
Their minds were but one darker blot;
Thoſe various Pictures in the Head,
And all the numerous ſhapes were fled;
And now the ranſack'd memory
Languiſh'd in naked poverty,
Had loſt its mighty treaſury;
They paſt the *Lethe* Lake, although they did not die.

XIV.

Whatever leſſer Maladies men had,
They all gave place and vaniſhed;
Thoſe petty Tyrants fled,
And at this mighty conquerour ſhrunk their head.

Fevers,

Fevers, Agues, Palsies, Stone,
Gout, Cholick and Consumption,
And all the milder Generation,
By which Mankind is by degrees undone,
Quickly were rooted out and gone;
Men saw themselves freed from the pain,
Rejoyc'd, but all, alas, in vain,
'Twas an unhappy remedy,
Which cur'd 'em that they might both worse and soon-
(er die.

XV.

Physicians now could nought prevail,
They the first spoils to the proud Victor fall,
Nor would the Plague their knowledge trust,
But fear'd their skill, and therefore slew them first:
So Tyrants when they would confirm their yoke,
First make the chiefest men to feel the stroke
The chiefest and the wisest heads, lest they
Should soonest disobey,
Should first rebell, and others learn from them the
No aid of herbs, or juices power, (way.
None of *Apollo*'s art could cure,
But help'd the plague the speedier to devour.
Physick it self was a disease,
Physick the fatal tortures did increase,
Prescriptions did the pains renew,
And *Æsculapius* to the sick did come,
As afterwards to *Rome*, (too.
In form of Serpent, brought new poysons with him

XVI.

XVI.

The ſtreams did wonder that ſo ſoon
As they were from their native Mountains gone,
They ſaw themſelves drunk up, and fear
Another *Xerxes* Army near.
Some caſt into the pit the Urn,
And drink it dry at its return:
Again they drew, again they drank;
At firſt the coolneſs of the ſtream did thank, (burn;
But ſtrait the more were ſcorch'd, the more did
And drunk with water in their drinking ſank:
That Urn which now to quench their thirſt they
Shortly their aſhes ſhall incloſe. (uſe,
Others into the Chryſtal brook,
With faint and wondring eyes did look,
Saw what a ghaſtly ſhape themſelves had took,
Away they would have fled, but them their legs for-
Some ſnatch'd the waters up, (ſook.
Their hands, their mouths the cup;
They drunk, and found they flam'd the more,
And onely added to the burning ſtore.
So have I ſeen on lime cold water thrown,
Strait all was to a ferment grown,
And hidden ſeeds of fire together run:
The heap was calm and temperate before,
Such as the Finger could indure;
But when the moiſtures it provoke,
Did rage, did ſwell, did ſmoke, (broke.
Did move, and flame, and burn, and ſtrait to aſhes

XVII.

XVII.

So ſtrong the heat, ſo ſtrong the torments were,
They like ſome mighty burthen bear
The lighteſt covering of Air.
All Sexes and all Ages do invade
The bounds which Nature laid,
The Laws of modeſty which Nature made,
The Virgins bluſh not, yet uncloath'd appear,
Undreſs'd do run about, yet never fear.
The pain and the diſeaſe did now
Unwillingly reduce men to
That nakedneſs once more,
Which perfect health and innocence caus'd before.
No ſleep, no peace, no reſt,
Their wandring and affrighted minds poſſeſt;
Upon their ſouls and eyes,
Hell and eternal horrour lies,
Unuſual ſhapes and Images,
Dark pictures and reſemblances
Of things to come, and of the World below,
O'er their diſtemper'd fancies go:
Sometimes they curſe, ſometimes they pray unto
The Gods above, the Gods beneath;
Sometimes they cruelties, and fury breath,
Not ſleep, but waking now was ſiſter unto death.

XVIII.

Scattered in Fields the Bodies lay,
The Earth call'd to the Fowls to take their Fleſh away.

In

In vain ſhe call'd, they come not nigh, (buy,
Nor would their food with their own ruine
But at full meals they hunger, pine and die.
The Vultures afar off did ſee the feaſt,
Rejoyc'd, and call'd their friends to taſte,
They rallied up their troops in haſte,
Along came mighty droves,
Forſook their young ones, and their groves,
Each one his native mountain and his neſt;
They come, but all their Carcaſſes abhor,
And now avoid the dead men more
Than weaker birds did living men before.
But if ſome bolder Fowls the fleſh aſſay,
They were deſtroy'd by their own prey.
The Dog no longer bark'd at coming-gueſt,
Repents its being a domeſtick Beaſt,
Did to the Woods and Mountains haſte:
The very Owls at *Athens* are
But ſeldom ſeen and rare,
The Owls depart in open day,
Rather than in infected Ivy more to ſtay.

XIX.

Mountains of bones and carcaſſes,
The Streets, the Market-place poſſeſs,
Threatning to raiſe a new *Acropolis*.
Here lies a Mother and her Child,
The Infant ſuck'd as yet and ſmil'd,
But ſtrait by its own food was kill'd.

There

There Parents hugg'd their Children laſt,
Here parting Lovers laſt embrac'd,
But yet not parting neither,
They both expir'd and went away together.
Here Priſ'ners in the Dungeon die,
And gain a twofold liberty,
They meet and thank their pains
Which them from double chains
Of body and of Iron free.
Here others poyſon'd by the ſcent
Which from corrupted bodies went,
Quickly return the death they did receive,
And death to others give;
Themſelves now dead the Air pollute the more,
For which they others curſt before,
Their bodies kill all that come near,
And even after death they all are murtherers here.

XX.

The Friend doth hear his Friends laſt cries,
Parteth his grief for him, and dies,
Lives not enough to cloſe his eyes.
The Father at his death
Speaks his Son Heir with an infectious breath;
In the ſame hour the ſon doth take
His Father's Will, and his own make.
The Servant needs not here be ſlain,
To ſerve his Maſter in the other world again;
They languiſhing together lie,
Their Souls away together fly;

The Husband gaſpeth and his Wife lies by,
It muſt be her turn next to die,
The Husband and the Wife
Too truly now are one, and live one life,
That couple which the Gods did entertain,
Had made their Prayer here in vain;
No Fates in death could then divide,
They muſt without their privilege together both have (dy'd.

XXI.

There was no number now of death,
The Siſters ſcarce ſtood ſtill themſelves to breath:
The Siſters now quite wearied
In cutting ſingle thread,
Began at once to part whole Looms,
One ſtroke did give whole houſes dooms:
Now dy'd the froſty hairs,
The aged and decrepid years,
They fell, and onely begg'd of Fate,
Some few months more, but 'twas alas too late.
Then Death as if aſham'd of that
A Conqueſt ſo degenerate,
Cut off the young and luſty too;
The young were reckoning o'er
What happy days, what joys they had in ſtore;
But Fate, e'er they had finiſh'd their account, them (ſlew.
The wretched Uſurer died,
And had no time to tell where he his Treaſures hid,
The Merchant did behold
His Ships return with Spice and Gold;

He

He saw't, and turn'd aside his head,
Nor thank'd the Gods, but fell amidst his riches dead.

XXII.

The Meetings and Assemblies cease, no more
The People throng about the Orator,
No course of Justice did appear,
No noise of Lawyers fill'd the ear,
The Senate cast away
The robe of Honour, and obey
Death's more resistless sway,
Whilst that with Dictatorian power
Doth all the great and lesser Officers devour.
No Magistrates did walk about;
No Purple aw'd the Rout,
The Common people too
A Purple of their own did shew;
And all their Bodies o'er,
The ruling colours bore,
No Judge, no Legislators sit
Since this new *Draco* came,
And harsher Laws did frame,
Laws that like his in Bloud are writ.
The Benches and the Pleading-place they leave,
About the streets they run and rave:
The madness which great *Solon* did of late
But counterfeit
For the advantage of the State,
Now his Successours do too truly imitate.

XXIII.

XXIII.

Up ſtarts the Souldier from his bed,
He, though death's ſervant, is not freed,
Death him caſhier'd, 'cauſe now his help ſhe did not (need.
He that ne'er knew before to yield,
Or to give back or leave the Field,
Would fain now from himſelf have fled.
He ſnatcht his Sword now ruſted o'er,
Dreadfull and ſparkling now no more,
And thus in open ſtreets did roar:
How have I, Death, ſo ill deſerv'd of thee,
That now thy ſelf thou ſhouldſt revenge on me?
Have I ſo many lives on thee beſtow'd?
Have I the Earth ſo often dy'd in bloud?
Have I to flatter thee ſo many ſlain?
And muſt I now thy prey remain?
Let me at leaſt, if I muſt die,
Meet in the Field ſome gallant enemy.
Send, Gods, the *Perſian* Troops again.
No, they're a baſe and degenerate train;
They by our Women may be ſlain.
Give me, great Heavens, ſome manfull foes,
Let me my death amidſt ſome valiant *Grecians* chuſe,
Let me ſurvive to die at *Syracuſe*,
Where my dear Country ſhall her Glory loſe
For you, Great Gods! into my dying mind infuſe,
What miſeries, what doom
Muſt on my *Athens* ſhortly come:

My

My thoughts inſpir'd preſage
Slaughters and Battels to the coming Age;
Oh! might I die upon that glorious ſtage:
Oh that! but then he graſp'd his Sword, and death con-
(cludes his rage.

XXIV.

Draw back, draw back thy Sword, O Fate!
Leſt thou repent when 'tis too late,
Leſt by thy making now ſo great a waſte,
By ſpending all Mankind upon one feaſt,
Thou ſtarve thy ſelf at laſt:
What men wilt thou reſerve in ſtore,
Whom in the time to come thou mayſt devour,
When thou ſhalt have deſtroyed all before?
But if thou wilt not yet give o'er,
If yet thy greedy ſtomach calls for more;
If more remain whom thou muſt kill,
And if thy jaws are craving ſtill,
Carry thy fury to the *Scythian* Coaſts,
The Northern Wildneſs, and eternal Froſts!
Againſt thoſe barb'rous Crowds thy Arrows whet,
Where Arts and Laws are ſtrangers yet;
Where thou mayſt kill, & yet the loſs will not be great.
There rage, there ſpread, and there infect the Air,
Murther whole Towns and Families there.
Thy worſt againſt thoſe Savage Nations dare,
Thoſe whom Mankind can ſpare,
Thoſe whom Mankind it ſelf doth fear;
Amidſt that dreadfull night and fatal cold,

There thou mayſt walk unſeen, and bold,
There let thy Flames their Empire hold.
Unto the fartheſt Seas, and Natures ends,
Where never Summers Sun its beams extends,
Carry thy plagues, thy pains, thy heats,
Thy raging fires, thy torturing ſweats,
Where never ray or heat did come,
They will rejoyce at ſuch a doom.
They'll bleſs thy peſtilential fire,
Though by it they expire,
They'll thank the very flames with which they do (conſume.

XXV.

Then if that Banquet will not thee ſuffice,
Seek out new Lands where thou mayſt tyrannize;
Search every Forreſt, every Hill,
And all that in the hollow Mountains dwell;
Thoſe wild and untame troops devour,
Thereby thou wilt the reſt of men ſecure,
And that the reſt of men will thank thee for.
Let all thoſe humane beaſts be ſlain,
Till ſcarce their memory remain;
Thy ſelf with that ignoble ſlaughter fill,
'Twill be permitted thee that bloud to ſpill.
Meaſure the ruder World throughout,
March all the Ocean ſhores about,
Onely paſs by and ſpare the *Britiſh Iſle.*
Go on, and (what *Columbus* once ſhall doe,
When days and time unto their ripeneſs grow)
Find out new Lands, and unknown Countries too.

Attempt

Attempt thoſe Lands which yet are hid
From all Mortality beſide:
There thou mayſt ſteal a victory,
And none of this World hear the cry
Of thoſe that by thy wounds ſhall die;
No *Greek* ſhall know thy cruelty,
And tell it to Poſterity.
Go, and unpeople all thoſe mighty Lands,
Deſtroy with unrelenting hands;
Go, and the *Spaniards* Sword prevent;
Go, make the *Spaniard* innocent;
Go, and root out all Mankind there,
That when the *European* Armies ſhall appear,
Their ſin may be the leſs,
They may find all a Wilderneſs,
And without bloud the gold and ſilver there poſſeſs.

XXVI.

Nor is this all which we thee grant;
Rather than thou ſhouldſt full employment want,
We do permit in *Greece* thy Kingdom plant.
Ranſack *Lycurgus* ſtreets throughout,
They've no defence of Walls to keep thee out.
On wanton and proud *Corinth* ſeize,
Nor let her double waves thy flames appeaſe.
Let *Cyprus* feel more fires than thoſe of Love:
Let *Delos* which at firſt did give the Sun
See unknown flames in her begun,
Now let her wiſh ſhe might unconſtant prove,
And from her place might truly move:

Let *Lemnos* all thy anger feel,
And think that a new *Vulcan* fell,
And brought with him new Anvils, and new Hell.
Nay, at *Athens* too we give thee up,
All that thou find'ſt in field, or Camp, or Shop,
Make havock there without controul
Of every ignorant and common Soul.
But then, kind Plague, thy Conqueſts ſtop;
Let Arts, and let the Learned there eſcape,
Upon *Minerva*'s ſelf commit no rape;
Touch not the ſacred throng,
And let *Apollo*'s Prieſts be (like him) young,
Let him be healthfull too, and ſtrong.
But ah! too ravenous Plague, whilſt I
Strive to keep off the miſery,
The Learned too as faſt as others round me die;
They from corruption are not free,
Are mortal though they give an immortality.

XXVII.

They turn'd their Authours o'er, to try
What help, what cure, what remedy
All natures ſtores againſt this Plague ſupply,
And though beſides they ſhunn'd it every where,
They ſearch'd it in their Books, and fain would meet (it there.
They turn'd the Records of the ancient times,
And chiefly thoſe that were made famous by their crimes;
To find if men were puniſh'd ſo before,
But found not the diſeaſe nor cure.

Nature

Nature, alas! was now ſurpriz'd,
And all her forces ſeiz'd,
Before ſhe was how to reſiſt adviſ'd:
So when the Elephants did firſt affright
The *Romans* with unuſual fight,
They many Battels loſe,
Before they knew their foes,
Before they underſtood ſuch dreadfull troops t'oppoſe.

XXVIII.

Now ev'ry different Sect agrees
Againſt their common adverſary the diſeaſe,
And all their little wranglings ceaſe;
The *Pythagoreans* from their Precepts ſwerve,
No more their ſilence they obſerve,
Out of their Schools they run,
Lament, and cry, and groan;
They now deſir'd their Metempſychoſis;
Not onely do diſpute, but wiſh
That they might turn to Beaſts, or Fowls, or Fiſh.
If the *Platonicks* had been here,
They would have curs'd their Maſters year,
When all things ſhall be as they were,
When they again the ſame diſeaſe ſhould bear:
And all the Philoſophers would now,
What the great *Stagyrite* ſhall doe,
Themſelves into the waters headlong throw.

XXIX.

The *Stoick* felt the deadly ſtroke,
At firſt aſſault their courage was not broke,
They call'd to all the Cobweb aid,
Of Rules and Precepts which in ſtore they had;
They bid their hearts ſtand out,
Bid them be calm and ſtout;
But all the ſtrength of Precepts will not doe't.
They cann't the ſtorms of paſſions now aſſwage,
As common men, are angry, grieve, and rage.
The Gods are call'd upon in vain,
The Gods gave no releaſe unto their pain,
The Gods to fear even for themſelves began.
For now the ſick unto the Temples came,
And brought more than an holy flame,
There at the Altars made their Prayer,
They ſacrific'd and died there,
A ſacrifice not ſeen before;
That Heaven, onely us'd unto the gore
Of Lambs or Bulls, ſhould now
Loaded with Prieſts ſee its own Altars too.

XXX.

The Woods gave fun'ral Piles no more,
The dead the very fire devour,
And that almighty Conquerour over-power.
The noble and the common duſt
Into each others Graves are thruſt,

No

No place is ſacred, and no Tomb,
'Tis now a privilege to conſume;
Their aſhes no diſtinction had;
Too truly all by death are equal made.
The Ghoſts of thoſe great Heroes that had fled
From *Athens* long ſince baniſhed,
Now o'er the City hovered;
Their anger yielded to their love,
They left th'immortal joys above,
So much their *Athens* danger did them move,
They came to pity and to aid,
But now, alas! were quite diſmay'd,
When they beheld the Marbles open lay'd,
And poor mens bones the noble Urns invade:
Back to the bleſſed ſeats they went,
And now did thank their baniſhment,
By which they were to die in foreign Countries ſent.

XXXI.

But what, Great Gods! was worſt of all,
Hell forth its Magazines of Luſts did call,
Nor would it be content
With the thick troops of Souls were thither ſent;
Into the upper world it went.
Such guilt, ſuch wickedneſs,
Such irreligion did encreaſe,
That the few good which did ſurvive,
Were angry with the Plague for ſuffering them to live,
More for the Living than the dead did grieve.

Some

Some rob'd the very dead,
Though ſure to be infected e'er they fled,
Though in the very Air ſure to be puniſhed.
Some nor the Shrines nor Temples ſpar'd,
Nor Gods, nor Heavens fear'd,
Though ſuch examples of their power appear'd.
Vertue was now eſteem'd an empty name,
And honeſty the fooliſh voice of Fame;
For having paſs'd thoſe tort'ring flames before,
They thought the puniſhment already o'er,
Thought Heaven no worſe torments had in ſtore;
Here having felt one Hell, they thought there was no more.

FINIS.